

THE ARIEL.

A SEMIMONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS GAZETTE.

TO LEARNING'S SHRINE A CARE SOUGHT GIFT WE BRING, RICH WITH THE BLOSSOMS OF PERPETUAL SPRING.

VOL. III.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 25, 1829.

NO. 7.

THE DEPARTURE OF LEATHER-STOCKING.

This is the last scene in the PIONEERS. It exhibits Leather-Stocking refusing the offer of a home among his civilized friends, and about to depart for the west, in order, as he expressed himself, "to get a little comfort in the close of his days, and to avoid losing himself in the clearings."

"Elizabeth," says the author, in describing this event, "bent her head to her bosom, and wept, while her husband dashed away the tears from his eyes, and with hands that almost refused to perform their office, he produced his pocket-book, and extended a parcel of bank-notes to the hunter."

"Take these," he said, "at least take these; secure them about your person, and, in the hour of need, they will do you good service."

The old man took the notes, and examined them with a curious eye, when he said—

"This, then, is some of the new-fashioned money that they've been making at Albany, out of paper! It can't be worth much to them that haven't learning! No, no, lad—take back the stuff, it will do me no service. I took care to get all the Frenchman's powder afore he broke up, and they say lead grows where I am going. It is not even fit for wads, seeing I use none but leather."

FOR THE ARIEL.

In answer to some Lines, addressed to the Author by a Relation, asking "IF TIME SHOULD ALTER HER?"

The chrysal gems of morning dew,
Dispersed by Sol's warm ray,
Quick fleeting from our wistful view—
Thus fade our joys away!
The tide of Time, the course of years that alters all you see,
Will work a fearful change—will sadly alter me.
Those whom I fondly, dearly loved,
Are passing fast away:
Those hopes, those fears that erst me moved,
With age will all decay!
My passions weaker grow, my hopes, alike my fears—
Joy wins me not as once it won, grief moves me not to tears.
All things must change! And I, alas!
Cannot escape a common lot:
Swift down life's stream my bark shall pass,
Soon, soon to be forgot!
Tho' I shall change in face and form, unalter'd be my heart:
Oh, let that fondly turn to thee—it never can depart!

LAURENTIA.

TO A CHILD—BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

Whose imp art thou, with dimpled cheek,
And curly pate, and merry eye,
And arm and shoulders round and sleek,
And soft and fair—thou urchin sly?
What boots it, who, with sweet caresses,
First called thee his, or squire, or hind?
For thou, in every wight that passes,
Dost now a friendly playmate find.
Thy downcast glances, grave but cunning,
As fringed eye-lids rise and fall—
Thy shyness, swiftly from me running—
'Tis infantine coquetry all!
But far a-field thou hast not flown:
With mocks and threats, half lisp'd, half spo-ken,
I feel thee pulling at my gown—
Of right good will thy simple token.
And thou must laugh and wrestle too—
A mimic warfare with me waging:
To make, as wily lovers do,
Thy after-kindness more engaging!
The wilding rose, sweet as thyself,
And new-crop daisies, are thy treasures;
I'd gladly part with worldly pelf,
To taste again thy youthful pleasures.
But yet, for all thy merry look,
Thy frisks and wiles, the time is coming,
When thou shalt sit in cheerless nook,
The weary spell of horn-book thumbing.
Well, let it be! Through weal and woe,
Thou know'st not now thy future range:
Life is a motley, shifting show—
And thou, a thing of hope and change.

SELECT TALES.

JESSIE OF DUMBLANE.

The fair subject of this song was a bonnie lassie in Dumblane. Her family were of poor extraction, and Jessie was contented with a peasant's lot. When Tannahill became acquainted with her, she was in her "teens," a slight dimple-cheeked, happy lassie; her hair yellow, colored, and luxuriant; her eyes large and full, overflowing with the voluptuous languor which is so becoming in young blue eyes with golden lashes. The tinge which lit up her oval cheek was delicate and evanescent, and her pulpy lips bubbled with bliss as she gave utterance to her heart.

Tannahill was struck with her beauty, and, as in all things he was enthusiastic, became forthwith her ardent worshipper. But her heart was not to be won. Young, thoughtless, panting to know and see the world, she left her poor amourante "to con songs to his mistress's eye-brows," while she recklessly rambled among the flowery meads of Dumblane, or of an evening sang his inspired verses to him with the most mortifying nonchalance. This was a two-fold misery to the sensitive poet. A creature so sweetly elegant, so dear to him, so very lovely and innocent, and yet withal, so encased in insensibility as apparently neither to be conscious of the beauty of the verses trembling on her dulcet tongue, nor caring for the caresses of her lover. 'Twas too much; to mark all this, and feel it with the feelings of a poet, was the acme of misery.

But the "Flower of Dumblane" was not that unfeeling, unimaginative being which Tannahill pictured her. She was a creature all feeling, all imagination, although the bard had not that in his person or manners to engage her attention or to arrest her fancy. The young affections are not to be controlled. Love, all mighty love, must be free, else it ceases to be love. Tannahill was plain in his person and uncouth in his manners, and felt and expressed discontentment at the cruel disappointments which it had been his unhappy fate almost invariably to encounter. Jessie, on the contrary, looked upon the world as a brilliant spectacle yet to be seen and enjoyed,—as a vast Paradise full of beauty, of heaven, and of earth, where men walked forth in the image of their Creator, invested with his attributes, and where women trod proudly amidst the lovely creation, an angel venerated and adored. To express dissatisfaction under these circumstances was to her mind the extravagance of a misanthrope, the madness of a real lover of misery, and a sufficient cause for her not to respect him. Both viewed the world through a false medium, and their deductions, although at variance, gave color to their minds and accelerated their fate.

Jessie could not comprehend what appeared to her the folly of her suitor. She relished not his sickly sentiment; and as all woman-kind ever did so, she scorned a cooing lover. The bard was driven to despair, and, summoning up an unwonted energy of mind, departed, and left his adored to her youthful aberrations.

Soon after this period, the song of "Jessie the Flower of Dumblane," together with the music, was published, and became a public favorite; it was sung every-where, in theatres and at parties; a world of praise was showered upon it from woman's flattering lips, and men became mad to know the adored subject of the lay. In a short period it was discovered. Jessie Monteith, the pretty peasant of Dumblane, was the favored one. From all quarters young men and bachelors flocked to see her, and her own sex were curious and critical. Many promising youths paid their addresses to her, and experienced the same reception as her first lover. Nevertheless, at last, poor Jessie became really enamored. A rakish spark, from Mid Lothian, adorned with education, being of polished manners, and confident from wealth and superiority of rank, gained her young affections. She too credulously trusted in his unhallowed professions. The ardour of first love overcame her better judgment, and abandoning herself to her love and passion, she made an imprudent escape from the protection of her parents, and soon found herself in elegant apartments near the city of Edinburgh.

The song of the neglected Tannahill was to his Jessie both a glory and a curse: while it brought her into notice, and enhanced her beauty, it laid the foundation for her final destruction.—Popularity is a dangerous elevation, whether the object of it be a peasant or a prince: temptations crowd around it, and snares are laid on every hand. Who would be eminent, said a distinguished child of popularity, if they knew the peril, the madness and distraction of mind, to which the creature of popular breath is exposed!

When the poet heard of the fate of his loved Jessie, his heart almost burst with mental agony, and working himself into an enthusiastic phrensy of inspiration, poured forth a torrent of song more glowing and energetic than ever before dropped in burning accents from his tongue. It is to be lamented that, in a fit of disgust, he afterwards destroyed those poetic records of his passion and resentment.

Ere three years had revolved their triple circuit, after Jessie left her father's home, she was a changed woman. Her paramour had forsaken her—she was destitute of her splendid habitation—her blue eyes looked pitiful on all things around her—her oval cheeks were indented by the hand of misery—and her face and person presented the picture of an unhappy, but amiable being. How changed was the figure clothed in silk, which moved on the banks of the Forth, from the happy, lively girl in Dumblane, dressed in the rustic garb of a peasant! But this is a subject too painful to dwell on: let us hasten to the catastrophe.

It was an afternoon in July, a beautiful sunny afternoon—the air was calm and pure. The twin islands of the Forth, like vast emeralds set in a lake of silver, rose splendidly over the shining water, which now and then gurgled and mantled around their bases. Fifeshire was spread forth like a map, her hundred of inland villages and cots tranquilly sleeping in the sunshine. The din of the artisans' hammers in Kirkaldy and Queensferry smote the still air; and Dumfermline's aproned in-

habitants scattered forth their whitened webs beneath the noontide sun. On the opposite shore, Leith disgorged her black smoke, which rolled slowly in a volume to the sea. Edinburgh Castle, like a mighty spirit from the "vasty deep," reared her gray bulwarks in the air; and Arthur's Seat rose hugely and darkly in the back ground. The choruses of the fishermen, like hymns to the great spirit of the waters, ascended over Newhaven; and down from Grainsmouth, lightly booming over the tide, floated the tall bark. The world seemed steeped in happiness. But there was one, a wandering one—an outcast, wretched and despairing—amidst all this loveliness; her bosom was cold and dark, no ray could penetrate its depths; the sun shone not for her, nor did nature smile around but to inflict a more exquisite pang on the unfortunate. Her steps were broken and hurried. She now approached the water's edge, and then receded. No human creature was near to disturb her purpose—all was quietness and privacy; but there was an Eye from above who watched all. Jessie Monteith,—how mournfully sounds that name at this crisis! But Jessie sat herself down, and removing a shawl and bonnet from her person, and taking a string of pearl from her marble-seeming neck, and a gold ring, which she kissed eagerly, from her taper finger, she cast up her streaming eyes, meekly imploring the forgiveness of Heaven on him, the cause of her shame and death. Scarce offering a prayer for herself, she breathed forth the names of her parents, and ere the eye could follow her she disappeared in the pure stream.

The sun shone on—the green of the earth stirred not a leaf—a bell did not toll—nor did a sigh escape from the lips of one human being—and yet the spirit of the loveliest of women passed away!

Industrious wisdom often prevents what folly thinks inevitable.

He that will have the kernel must crack the shell.

Without mounting by degrees, a man cannot obtain to high things.—Sir P. Sidney.

Industry is fortune's right hand; frugality her left.

Business is the salt of life; which not only gives a grateful smack to it, but dries up those crudities that would offend, preserves from putrefaction, and drives all those blowing flies that would corrupt it.

Let a man be sure to drive his business, rather let it drive him. When a man is but once brought to be driven, he becomes a vassal to his affairs.

Reason and right give the quickest despatch. All the entanglements that we meet with arise from the irrationalities of ourselves or others.

With a wise and honest man a business is soon ended; but with a fool and knave there is no conclusion, and seldom even a beginning.

Diligence alone is a good patrimony.

A mind well trained and long exercised in virtue does not easily change any course it once undertakes.—Sir P. Sidney.

THE TRAVELLER.

From Travels in the Northern Parts of Germany, by Mr. H. E. Dwight.

A traveller in Germany finds it difficult to proceed a day's journey, in any direction north of the Mayne, without discovering something to remind him, in the small cities though which he passes, that intellectual cultivation is an object of great importance to their respective governments. In entering Germany from Strasburgh, and travelling a few miles north, he arrives at Carlsruhe, where a library of seventy thousand volumes unfolds its treasures. A few hours' ride brings him to Heidelberg, where he discovers another of fifty thousand. After proceeding about thirty miles, he enters Harmstadt, where he beholds a third, containing eighty-five thousand; at Mayence, another of ninety thousand; and in the commercial city of Frankfurt, still another of one hundred thousand volumes, evinces the noble spirit which has animated the enlightened merchants of that city. As he leaves the latter town for Gottingen, he stops at Giessen, not far from thirty miles, and in the small university he is surprised to find a collection of only twenty thousand volumes; but he soon learns that at Marburg, twenty miles further, is another of fifty thousand; and at Cassel, sixty miles from Marburg, a third, of from ninety to one hundred thousand volumes, adorns the capital of Hesse.—On arriving at Gottingen, the next day, in time to dine, he beholds with astonishment three hundred thousand volumes, all collected within a century. Making this a central point, and proceeding north, about forty miles, he enters Wolfenbuttle, a small town of less than seven thousand inhabitants, and learns with no little pleasure, that the government of Brunswick has enriched it with a library of two hundred thousand volumes. Advancing still north, to Hamburg, he is delighted with visiting the commercial and city libraries, of twenty-five and eighty thousand volumes, to discover that this mercantile city has displayed the same love of literature as Frankfurt. South-east of Gottingen, at the distance of eighty miles, he arrives at Weimar, where a library of one hundred and ten thousand, and at Jena, ten miles further, another of thirty thousand volumes, proclaim the principal spirit of the Dukes of this little state.—Leipzig is but a short ride from the last mentioned city. Here he observes with equal pleasure two libraries, containing one hundred thousand. At Halle, in Prussia, only twenty-five miles distant, one of fifty thousand; and at Dresden, the capital of Saxony, a third, of two hundred and forty thousand volumes. Proceeding to Berlin, he enters the library of the university, containing one hundred and eighty thousand volumes. The Königsburg library of fifty thousand, the large collection at Breslau, as well as those of many of the other cities of Prussia, all display the patronage of the government, as well as the love of literature which characterises the Prussians.

Proceeding from Strasburgh through Southern Germany, a similar prospect presents itself to the view. At Feryburg he finds a library of twenty thousand; at Tubingen, another; at Stutgard, one of one hundred and sixteen thousand; at Wetzburg, a fourth, of thirty thousand; at Eriangen, one of forty thousand; at Landshut, one of a hundred thousand; and at Munich, he discovers the largest in all Germany, the third in the world, containing four hundred thousand volumes. On his arrival at Vienna, he finds that a similar spirit has influenced the Austrian government—if not of the present day, at least of a former time. There, in the four great libraries—the Imperial, the University,

the Theresian, and the Medical Chirurgical—he discovers five hundred and ninety thousand volumes. Proceeding north, to complete the circuit of Germany, he is led to believe, on his arrival at Prague, that its library of one hundred thousand volumes will do something to dispel the ignorance which now covers Bohemia.

The thirty-one libraries above mentioned contain more than three millions three hundred thousand volumes, or averaging one hundred and seven thousand. The thirty-one largest libraries of the United States do not contain two hundred and fifty thousand volumes.

SINGULAR ACCIDENT.—A person who was recently ploughing in a field at Princeton, N. J. where the memorable revolutionary battle took place, threw up with his ploughshare, several muskets, &c. which had lain buried probably ever since that event. Unfortunately, he struck his foot against a bayonet, and was so severely wounded that the loss of his life may be the consequence. The owner of this dangerous instrument probably never dreamed of its rising thus, and resuming its murderous propensities after an inhumation of half a century.

TEMPERANCE.—A captain of a militia company at Foster, R. I. has been tried on complaint of a private in his company, for taking his company to a tavern and treating them with rum. He was fined \$20, and sentenced to pay costs of prosecution. He has appealed to a higher court.

A GENEROUS OFFER.—A butcher in the vicinity of London, lately killed and sent a part of the beef, and a quantity of the suet, to his son-in-law, a weaver in Bethnel Green, who hung it up so near to the window that some one in the night broke a pane of glass and carried off the suet. Saturday morning, the weaver missing his suet, went to a public house in the neighborhood, where he posted up the following notice, which still remains an evidence of generosity and spirit:—

"Whereas, last night a quantity of beef suet was taken away from the house of James Henry Woodford, this is to give notice, that if the person who took it away will appear, and prove that he was forced to do so by distress, the said James Henry Woodford will give him half a dozen pounds of flour to make the suet into dumplings; but if he cannot prove that he was in distress when he stole it, the said J. H. Woodford will fight him, and give him five shillings if he beats him."

The Manchester Advertiser has the following account of a *military manœuvre*:—A few days since, a gallant and distinguished military officer, who, though unlike Falstaff in one respect, possesses, among other characteristics of that celebrated person, his facetious disposition and goodness of heart, was passing along Deansgate, when he observed a crowd surrounding a shop door, and inquired the cause. He was told that an unlucky urchin had just fractured a pane of glass, and that the shop-keeper was detaining him in pledge for the payment of the damage. "How much is it?" inquired the son of Mars. "Half a crown," was the answer. "Oh, is that all?" rejoined the officer, and thereupon unbuttoned one of his breeches pockets, which the unwitting shopkeeper considered an indication that the money was forthcoming, and with this pleasing anticipation let off the boy, who was soon out of the way; and having now had his hand in his pocket a sufficient length of time, deliberately re-buttoned up his treasure, and with suitable nonchalance laughed and rode away, to the no small amusement of the spectators, who raised a loud shout at the painful expense of the disappointed tradesman.

FOR THE ARIEL.
MORNING.

How beautiful the morning wakes,
And from the lap of night takes wing;
Ripe blessings o'er the earth it shakes,
Rich with the beauties of the spring—
In glorious pomp the sun walks up the sky,
Emerging from the clouds to its own throne on high.

The dew-drops from the grass are springing,
Pure as when first they fell to earth—
Re-echoed songs in air outstringing,
Awake the hills and vales in mirth;
The blossom'd trees their scents fling on the air,
To hail the birth of day with incense fair.

PIERRE.

FOR THE ARIEL.
REVERIES.

I breathe the sweetness of the early dawn,
All nature glens, and my soul is light;
Now, my own love, with the fresh rosy morn,
I blend thine image just as young and bright.
The day comes on—the dancing, joyous hours
With sweet remembrance bring my love to me;
Her brilliant health, in the sun's waken'd powers,
Sparkling and bright, my happy heart can see.
'Tis sweeter Eve—ah! in this soften'd hour,
How like the maid, when, in her timid ear,
My trembling love at length caught strength and power
To speak its hopes, scarce audible through fear.
And now, fair Luna's beams, as fair and pure
As her I love, soft through my lattice peep,
With sweetest visions gently stealing o'er
My happy senses. Thus I sink to sleep! C.

FOR THE ARIEL.
A TALE.

The sun had sunk beneath the hill,
The evening air was mild and still,
The cricket chirp'd beneath the hearth,
And night had thrown her veil o'er earth:
Young Albert left his father's hall—
Though beauty, birth, and wealth, and all
Earth's favor'd children, all were there,
To hail him as his father's heir;
And joy was seen in every eye,
And young eyes then glanced mirthfully,
And Love was busy with his dart—
But Albert had a cheerless heart.
Yet, e'en from youth his brow was sad,
And many a fancy strange he had—
For oft alone, at eve, he stood
Upon a lonely hill, and woo'd
The maid of musings till he wept—
While Nature's works deep silence kept;
And oft, beside the heaving sea,
He walk'd, and loiter'd pensively,
And gazed upon its darkening pride—
Emblem of hopes and fears—and sighed!

He stood beside a little stream,
And gazed upon the moon's cold beam,
And heaven, pictured on the wave.—
"I almost wish thou wast my grave—
Thou art so calm, so bright, so fair,
To what my stormy feelings are;
For Fancy, since my youthful hour,
Has led me, with her witching power.
And what is life? A scene of ill,
Where brother wars 'gainst brother still;
A mass of treachery and sorrow,
Where hope but makes us bear to-morrow.
They tell me I am sad, and say—
'Friends, honors, youth, are thine—be gay;
'Youth should not dim its joy with tears—
'It augurs ill of coming years.'
'Tis true—but sixteen years have shed
Their fading charms upon my head;
Days make not age, and I am old,
And griefs can make the young heart cold.
'Tis true, no worldly sorrows weigh,
No cherish'd friend hath pass'd away—
No parent's dying prayer been spoken—
Nor fortune fail'd—nor love been broken—
And life has pass'd as fair and free,
As ever ship o'er calm blue sea—
But inward griefs oppress my heart,
And bid the tear unbidden start:
For I was sad, e'en when a child,
And though at times I play'd, and smiled,
And join'd my mates, and seem'd as gay,
And shouted loud and long as they—
Yet was the heart not there;
Then came some dark, heart-with'ring thought,
And I would seek a lonely spot,
And weep mine own despair.
They say I've friends. It may be so;
But they know not the source of woe—
They cannot feel the thoughts I feel,
Nor heal the wounds I wish to heal—
They cannot ease my bitter smart,
My utter loneliness of heart.
And what can wealth or honors give?

Aught that could woo me back to live?
Nay! a few wither'd hopes, and fears,
And we are with the vanish'd years!

"And when I think on future days,
That few will know, and few will praise—
That soon e'en these will pass away,
And mingle with their native clay—
My name, and birth, and deeds, forgot,
Life is not worth a single thought!

"And what is fame, that one sole thing
For which men strive—to which men cling?
A face of joy, a heart of care,
And crown of thorns, and deadly fair—
As fleeting, but as fair, I deem,
As this bright landscape on the stream,
Pictur'd with hill, and dale, and sky,
More beautiful than reality!
And how attained? By years of toil,
And ceaseless care, and wild turmoil—
By pressing through the various strife,
That makes and mars the scenes of life.

"Oh, no! I am not fit for this—
I cannot, will not call it bliss!
'Tis agony! I cannot live,
If this be all that life can give!
My brain is fire! Life's hopes are dim!"—
He leap'd into the wave, to—swim!

SIGMA.

MISCELLANY.

A work in two duodecimo volumes has just been published at New Haven, entitled *Sketches of Naval Life*, in a series of letters from the Brandywine and Constitution Frigates, by "a Civilian." We are enabled to lay before our readers to-day an extract from the work, which is exactly the kind of writing we like; descriptive of men and manners, and of such a nature as to carry one into the very scene described. The author is said to have acted as teacher on board the frigates, and has used his pen very effectively. We have perused about one half the work, and in order not to be deprived of the remainder, we use the annexed, from the pages of a contemporary print. We are sure our readers will desire to see the remainder, those particularly who are interested in sea life, and are anxious to become acquainted with the shores of the Mediterranean.

U. S. FRIGATE BRANDYWINE,—1825.

Let me introduce you to our Frigate. She is a noble vessel; I well recollect my feelings as she first came in sight yesterday. I had come down from Washington in a small sloop, whose narrow deck and scanty accommodations, with a rough sea, made me almost wish myself on terra firma again; but when the Brandywine rose before me, nice in every proportion, her spars delicately tapered, and all above like a thing of fancy and taste, while all below looked proud defiance, I could no longer warm exclamation. I thought of her, too, as rushing out of the broad deep ocean; receiving homage from man and elements; giving protection to the feeble, and putting the mighty to flight; carrying her banner into every port, and making the name of American feared and respected; and I did not wonder that an officer loves his ship. She is a frigate of the first class, carrying fifty-four guns: thirty long thirty-twos on the main, and twenty-four thirty-two pound carronades on the upper deck. She has a round stern, and is considered a fine model; what strikes me most, however, is the dark threatening character of the hull: she looks as if made for execution, and the man must be a dastard who would shrink from proving it; her very name is associated with bloodshed for "homes and firesides," and she will be a sacred ship, after carrying General Lafayette back to his country. And now after this view of her exterior, let us get on the decks and take a look round. You are a novice, but I have learnt a little and will describe them as well as I can. The upper is called the *spar deck*, and by this name I shall always designate it in my letters: all from the mainmast aft forms the *quarter deck*, and this is appropriated exclusively to the officers; no seaman is allowed to be seen on it, except on business; when he enters it, he lifts his hat, and an officer himself must do the same; to the latter, the compliment is always returned by the officer on duty. This is the most sacred part of the ship; but more of ship's ceremonies by and by. The ship's sides extend about five feet above this deck, and are surmounted by a trough of painted canvass, running the whole length, the use of which puzzled me at first. This is called the hammock nettings, and contains the sailors' hammocks during the day; it is weather proof, and the hammocks, ranging with the sailors' heads, are said to be a good defence in time of action. The whole of this wall, if I may call it so, running around the spar deck, is called the bulwarks. The next below this is the *main*, or *gun deck*: the cabin occupies its rear

part, and reaches nearly to the mizen-mast. The partitions of the cabin, or bulkheads, as all partitions are called on shipboard, are moveable, and taken down before action. All the rest of this deck is open and clear, except its range of heavy guns, or teeth, to use a sailor's phrase, and is the one most depended on in time of action. To us it is a promenade, being of sufficient height to admit my walking erect, though you know I want but a trifle of six feet. Our walk is usually between the cabin and mainmast, an interval called the *half deck*, the larboard side of which belongs also to the officers, though it has not the sacred character of the quarter-deck. I will now descend a story lower: we come to the *birth deck*, so called, because originally used for swinging the men's hammocks during the night, though the main deck is now also employed for that purpose. They are excluded from this in day time except at meals: the mess cooks only are allowed to remain: each of these has his particular place; his mess-chest and its utensils are there deposited, and it is his duty to keep them clean and in order. The birth deck, however, properly so called, extends only a little abaft the mainmast; in its centre is the *sick bay*, a room with bulkheads of open work, and forming our hospital, now well filled, for a large number of our men are sick. This deck is supplied with air by a range of air ports, 12 inches by 8, a few feet above water mark; they are closed at sea. The marines cluster around the mainmast; abaft the mainmast, on each side of the ship are three state rooms of comfortable size, occupied by the *forward officers*, who are the boatswain, gunner, carpenter, sail-maker, and purser's clerk. Just astern of these, a bulkhead extends entirely across the deck, and shuts out further view, but the bursts of laughter, and odd noises that come from beyond it, show us that there is the steerage, the midshipmen's domicile; and so it is. This is a room extending the whole breadth of the vessel, and about twenty feet the other way; it is lined with chests for their clothes, and lighted, as well as may be, by two air ports, and a hatchway above, down which, however, is the ladder which leads to the ward room. The ward room is occupied by the lieutenants, purser, surgeon, chaplain, master, and marine officers. It occupies all abaft the steerage, and is lined on each side with apartments about seven feet by five, which in the sail lack of room aboard ship are dignified with the name of *state rooms*, as are also all others appropriated to individuals. But you have not seen my messroom yet, nor would you suspect where it is, for our feet are already below water mark, and you would not look for it under the sea, and at course in a region of utter darkness. But there it is. Stand here in the steerage, and look down that dark hole: it opens into a room they call the cockpit, a room wide but low, and with scarcely a ray of light. It is lined on three sides with store rooms, including the dispensary or medical chamber and state rooms; beneath, and opening into it is the spirit room, and abaft is the bread-room, so that it is a considerable thoroughfare: the bread is served out frequently: the spirit pumped twice a day, and in the latter case, all the lights in the room must be extinguished. Here are to mess the two surgeon's mates, the captain's clerk and myself, but as I am to do also the duties of clerk till we reach the Mediterranean, our mess will consist of but three, unless we choose to invite down some of the midshipmen, as is sometimes done.

In front of the cockpit is the main-hold, and beyond it the ship's store rooms, usually fitted up by their occupants with considerable taste. Let me add, that as you stand on the ship looking forward, all the right half is starboard and all on the left larboard (sometimes called *to Port*.)

Let me give you some further insight into these worlds, or kingdoms, in miniature. You must not understand, however, what I shall say as connected with the ship I am in: it will be rather a view of the organization of ships generally, and is the result of many inquiries, as well as of observation.

There is no republicanism on board a man of war. One sees this the moment he sets his foot on board, and feels it, afterwards, in every part of the complicated yet well ordered system, with which he is brought into contact. The first thing that strikes him is, the authoritative tone of one class, and the ready and implicit obedience of the other. There can be no hesitation, no stopping to inquire about expediency; but when a thing is ordered it must be done, even when he who gives the order, is, as often is the case, a mere piping school boy. You see at once, that even the midshipman is placed at an infinite elevation above the seaman: but his turn of submission also comes. He can no more question the orders of a lieutenant, than a sailor can his; he gives up to this officer his promenade as soon as the latter sets foot on it: relinquishes to him the starboard side of the quarter-deck in port, and also the windward one at sea; and the lieutenant, in his turn, shews all this respect to the commander. The latter is, then, literally, "monarch of the peopled deck."

His power is limited, but is still a tremendous power, and even when he passes his limits, the best course usually is submission.

To one who, like myself, has always been accustomed to see the sword of power in the scabbard, this constant view of its bare edge and point, suspended as it is over us, though not by a hair, yet by a slight cord, excites at first unpleasant sensations. But we soon get used to it, and if one does not jostle, or trifle with it, it hangs innocently enough.

The captain is an officer so high in dignity and rank, that he ought not even to shew himself often to vulgar eyes; and those, it is said, who succeed best, confine themselves to their cabins. He consequently, seldom interferes with the active duties of the ship: his orders are given, usually, to the first lieutenant, or through a midshipman to the officer of the deck, and though exercising a scrutiny over every part, it is without appearing to do so.

The first lieutenant has the actual superintendence of the ship. He is the oldest lieutenant on board, and on his character that of the ship very much depends. His powers are very great, and reach to every part; and as it is most felt, the officer is apt to be an invidious one: but murmurs, if any, are silent ones. He can even thwart the captain, and often does so, while his actions have the semblance of obedience. He ought to be a man, ready and prudent, not harsh, but decisive; and above all, well skilled in all the duties of a ship. In times of danger he takes the trumpet, as he does also in getting under way and coming to anchor; but, in all other cases, is excused from the services of the deck; but he is responsible for the cleanliness and good order of the ship: complaints of grievances are made to him: he decides on duties and rights: gives permission to leave the ship, when for the day only: signs orders on the store-room: and when the captain is absent, is commander of the ship.

To a frigate of this class there are five more lieutenants, each taking rank according to his date. I suppose you do not know what a watch is. The day is divided into five parts, of four hours each, called *watches*, and two, of half that length, called *dog watches*; though the name of watch is a general term for all of them. These lieutenants keep watch, each in his turn; when he has command of the deck, and at sea, sails the ship, but is not suffered to make any very material alteration in the sails, without sending to the captain for permission. He also reports to the captain any unusual incident; sees that the men have their meals at the proper hour; and has a general supervision of the upper deck. In port, the general passing concerns of the ship are under his care; he must be applied to for a boat, when one is wanted; every individual must report to him, when he leaves the ship, or returns; he is notified of the approach of boats, and prepares for them, when necessary; he keeps accounts of the position of the cables, and reports the state of things to his successor, at the close of his watch; and the hour of noon to the captain, when it arrives. The one on duty is familiarly called the "officer of the deck." The youngest lieutenant, in addition to this, is the visiting officer, when other national ships arrive in port.

It is generally thought on shore, that the sailing master, or "master," as he is usually called, sails the ship. He has nothing to do with this duty. His office is the most responsible one, next to that of the first lieutenant; his duties are the most arduous and complicated; and yet, the station is usually given to a midshipman. It is a separate rank in the Navy, and, heretofore, has been filled by its proper characters, but this is now getting out of fashion, and the oldest midshipman is, usually, the incumbent. It is an excellent preparative to his higher duties. The ship's stores of all kinds, her rigging, spars, sails, &c., the hold, and its appurtenances, come under his care; he prepares the cables for anchoring, and cleans and stows them away when the anchor is weighed; he keeps the ship's reckoning and log books; and, at sea, reports her position, at least once a day, to the captain. I said he never sails the ship; I had forgotten that at quarters, and, of course, in action also, he has the deck.

The purser's birth is, I think, the best in the ship. There is none that brings more respect; and what is better still, in a short time it brings wealth enough to render the man independent, and in circumstances to throw up his commission, when it becomes burdensome. The situation of the other officers is different; and I think it is a matter well worthy of consideration, among those who are looking to the sea, that although an officer's life is generally a pleasant one, and enjoyed greatly, circumstances may and do occur to change its character; and it is often to him a bitter reflection, that he is bound to it for life—his education and habits unfitting him for any other respectable profession. A three years' cruise, in a vessel like this, will bring to the purser a nice little fortune: I have heard of a similar one, in the Pacific, producing \$30,000; the Mediterranean station is not so profitable, but is by no means a contemptible one. This officer has his salary, like others, but his main

profits arise from slops and groceries. Slops are served out once a month; the lieutenants keep a clothes' list of their respective divisions, in which is registered all the wardrobe of each sailor: this is produced the last day of every month, the wants of each individual noted, and on the following day these are supplied. Government has limited the profits on slops to ten per cent. but on other articles it is much greater: groceries produce fifty, and cloth and such articles twenty-five per cent. Of the last, the officers themselves generally purchase large quantities. Vast sums of money pass through the purser's hands; and large securities are required at the Department, which must be frequently renewed. The comfort of the officers depend a good deal on the commissary, and he has, therefore, little difficulty in securing their good will; it is a snug birth—better, I believe, in our navy than in any other.

We have two marine officers; their birth is nearly a sinecure. The marines are drilled occasionally, and inspected, and the officers are responsible for their appearance; but all this requires little attention: still, the marines are a necessary order of men, and they must have officers.

These, with the surgeon and chaplain, form one class of officers. they are entitled to the wardroom, and to the starboard side of the quarter-deck in port; and have the right of coming on board at the starboard gangway, when this distinction is made, which, however, is seldom the case. The larboard side of the quarter-deck is appropriated to all the rest, down to the forward officers.

The midshipmen form an interesting class, both from their age and number; and still more, because they are going to be our commodores and captains, when the navy will be a far more important branch of our national system than it is now. You will find me often in my letters alluding to the future, for I love to do it. I love to think of our nation, as one of the mightiest on the earth; an astonishment and a proverb, for its free, and noble, and happy institutions: and such, I believe, it is going to be. Foreigners, I know, sneer at such talk and such predictions—and let them; yes, let them, till the sneer turns, as it never fails to do, into secret, though ungrateful acknowledgments of their justice. We will still talk, and I hope, shall act the part of wisdom, in forming our institutions to such a character. No one needs attention more, in reference to this, than the class of officers I have named; but I reserve my remarks on this subject to another time.

We have twenty-five on board, distributed as follows. Four of the oldest are appointed to the fore-castle, where they keep watch in succession, and have the forward sails under their particular charge; all subject, however, to the officer of the deck. One is permanently stationed on the main deck, to oversee its concerns; one, for a like purpose, on the birth deck; and one has charge of the holds: the last must be present when the liquor is pumped, and watch it well, for on no other subject are the men so thievishly disposed. These three keep no watch; all the rest are divided into three or four watches, as the case may be; generally into three; and take their turns at deck duty, where it is their business to see the lieutenant's orders understood and obeyed; to muster the men at night, when their watch comes on deck, and frequently afterwards, for the purpose of keeping them awake; and to act generally, as aids to the officer of the deck. One of them must be in each top, when the higher sails are set. These duties, which yield neither to time nor weather, go hard with some of the younger ones, poor fellows; and I suppose, as they pace the wet decks at night, they frequently think of home. Sometimes they come across a tempting corner of the deck, and stow themselves away in it: if detected, their companions quietly slip a noose around the ankle, and the sleeper awakes from dreams of home and a snug parlor, to find himself swinging, heels upward, in the air. In port, they occasionally prefer their hammocks, as a less uncomfortable place than the deck; but this is a dangerous experiment, and if repeated, is punished by suspension from duty for a few days.

The marines form a class distinct from all others, associating little with the rest, and from their character as well as duties, never high in favor with the "tar." In port, a sergeant's guard, consisting of thirteen, is always kept during the day, in uniform, on the quarter-deck; the remainder take turns at guard in different parts of the ship: two at the gangways; perhaps, one at the bow, one at the cabin door, one at the water cistern, one over the prisoners, and one at the store rooms. At sea, the lower guards are the same; the rest pull and haul on the spar deck, and are there subject to the same orders as the sailor.

A ship like this is entitled to about sixty marines, and three hundred and eighty sailors; and the proper selection and distribution of the latter, which belongs to the first lieutenant, and is a matter of great importance, is always considered as an excellent trial of his tact. They are formed into several grades. The first is called "seamen," and comprises those capable of doing any ship's duty aloft,

and on deck; they amount to about one hundred, and receive twelve dollars per month, with a ration. The second class receives two dollars less, and includes what are denominated "ordinary seamen," men accustomed to salt water, but not so expert as the former. They are about one hundred and fifty in number, and to them, with the seamen, are assigned the yards, the fore-castle, and all the difficult and dangerous parts of the ship's duties. We come now to the "landsmen," or "green hands," here amounting to about one hundred; and for eight dollars pay, performing the less honorable services of the "after-guard" and "waisters." The after-guard comprise the better characters among these, and have their station on the quarter-deck; the waisters settle a degree lower, and occupy the gun deck—a set of men, generally, whose blunted features and inflamed eyes tell the whole history of their degradation. When a man is fit for nothing else, he is made a waister, and set to sweeping on the gun deck. The last class is that of "boys," not universally youths, as their names would signify, but those who wait upon the officers, and seldom do other duty, except when "all hands" are called; they are often nicknamed idlers—a term of reproach frequently given to all in the ship who do not keep watch. The boys receive six dollars, with a ration, and are about twenty in number.

All the men are employed during the day. In port, a half-watch is called every four hours at night; but they, generally, are permitted to find a corner on the gun deck for a nap; and frequently, they even turn into their hammocks "all standing," that is, with their clothes on. The officers alone are seen above. At sea, however, the whole watch, comprising one half of the men, must be on deck at night; and if the weather is stormy, no hammocks are piped down at all. They are divided into two watches, denominated starboard and larboard; each is called every four hours; and every man has his place and duty assigned him, in a book kept in some public part of the ship—it is called the *station bill*. There are generally four such books; their use will be evident from their titles, which are "quarter bill," "station bill," "tacking and veering bill," and "mooring and anchoring bill"; each man, thus, in every case knows just exactly where he should be, and what is his duty; and amid apparent confusion, there is always the most perfect order, promptness, and efficiency of action.

Could you stand on our deck, in port, you would see an old man, in sailor's rig, usually on the quarter-deck, but often at the gangways; you observe him hurrying frequently along the deck, touching his hat whenever he passes the companion-way or an officer, and yet he has an air of considerable consequence; usually, also, a good stout person to support it; he carries a spy-glass, which he has frequently at his eye, and which he often drops suddenly, to tip his hat, and say something to the officer of the deck. His communications appear to be important, for they frequently produce a general movement on the deck. This is a quarter master. We have eight of them; they are taken from the most experienced and orderly of the seamen, and have eighteen dollars, with a ration, for pay. Their duty is to take turns on the quarter-deck, where, in port, they keep a constant look out on things abroad; they give notice when a boat approaches; and are the medium of communication between the gangway sentries and the deck officer; they have the bell struck every half hour; and form altogether an exceedingly useful set of men. At sea, they attend the wheel; keep the ship close to her course; when she is close-hauled, take station in the quarter-boats, to see her kept to the wind; and their cries, "luff there, luff," "so, steady," "dice, no higher," form a material part of our deck music at such times; they also sound, when we go into port.

A stranger on board is frequently struck, at night, with a person, on the gun deck, who, while all around are sunk in sleep, is seen creeping silently about, among the hammocks, with a lantern in hand, apparently without an object. He is a gunner's mate, going his rounds, which he does every hour, to examine the lashings of the guns, and keep them secure. Then comes a man, who uncovers one of the pumps, and lets down a line, with a strip of iron attached to it: this he examines, and perhaps ascends to the quarter-deck, to make his report—a carpenter's mate. The carpenter has two of them, and a "gang" of six or eight more. The sailmaker has his mates and aids; the boatswain, four mates; and the gunner, besides his two mates, six more aids, called quarter gunners. These, last, as well as the quarter masters, have also the most responsible stations on the lower yards.

COMMUNICATION.

CONUNDRUM.—Why are the females of the present day like the lily in the Scriptures?

"Because they *toil* not, neither do they *spin*, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

ENIGMA.

I'm wonderful, marvellous, all that's uncommon:
Sometimes I'm a man, and sometimes a woman;
When whole, I'm always a subject for wonder,
So now please to guess at my parts when asunder:
In the fens I'm an insect, in the barns a small beast,
To birds I'm a house, and none of the least;
I catch fishes, make leather, hear all that is said,
And many a pair come to me to be wed;
Tho' with science oft coupled, I'm grim & look wild,
And yet you will own I am far from a child;
My passions you see by what falls from my eyes,
And my wrath is two fold, tho' I'm known to be wise;
In revenge I'm a goddess, in the forest a deer,
To one point of the compass I'm sure I can veer,
In the north I'm a bridge, many travellers see,
And nuns in the convent are guarded by me;
On board ship you may smell me, & see me all round,
And then in your wake I am sure to be found;
On the lace of your stays I'm one end or both;
I'm the emblem of industry, symptom of sloth,
What the enemy sowed while the husbandman slept,
What at dinner you do, and where fire is kept;
You ride in me, ride on me, ride at me, nay more,
You sometimes ride thro' me, I'm just half a score;
I'm in dress like a quaker, and always at hand,
Beneath you when sitting, but not when you stand;
Each morning you take me, each quarter you pay,
To sailors at midnight I oft show the way,
While blest with my presence you quietly lay,
I'm dispatched, I'm disavowed, a gift of crown land,
I'm what boys do by heart, & what men do by hand;
The sun is like me when he makes you his bow,
And I'm sure 'twill be strange if you can't guess me now!

RIDDLE.—I am a word of seven letters,
and a very essential servant of a cold
night. My 7th, 3d, 1st, 2d, and 6th, is a
piece of kitchen furniture; my 1st, 2d,
3d, 5th, and 6th, is a musical name; my
1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th, is often purchas-
ed in a mistake; my 1st, 2d, 6th, 3d, and
7th, is a noise made by a domestic animal;
my 7th, 3d, 2d, and 6th, frequently causes
music; my 3d, 1st, 2d, and 6th, is
strength; my 1st, 3d, 4th, and 5th, is a
place of riches; my 6th, 3d, and 7th, sup-
ports existence. Tell my name?

We find the following puzzle in the
Camden Journal. The answer is a word
for which we have high respect.

PUZZLE.—I am a word of six letters,
and contain three vowels. My 6, 3, 5,
and 4, are what most Irish people are no-
torious for—my 5, 2, and 1, is oftener
wrote than sung—my 4, 5, and 1, com-
prise a part of the human frame—my 2,
3, and 1, is what few are generally will-
ing to do—my 4, 3, 6, and 5, is a common
name for a dog—my 5, 6, and 1, though
of various kinds, enriches many—my 4,
6, 3, and 5, is a part in music—my 6, 1,
and 2, is a favorite color—my 4, 3, 2, and
1, is not seen up here—my whole can be
and is useful; ours, though small, we feel
proud of.

The following may afford half an hour's
pastime to such as are fond of unriddling
ingenious whimsies.—Minds capable of
inventing such conceits, are capable of
something much better, if better directed.

From the Salem Gazette.

COMMUNICATION.—Messrs. Printers:
The following was handed to me, a few
days since, by a wag, who seemed much
tickled with the conceit that he had posed
me. I send it to you with my answer, and
am free to say that I think I have fairly
outwitted the rogue. If you think so,
print him and me, and let Uncle Sam
judge.

TO ALL PEOPLE—A POSER.

I am a personage, who, though always
the same, am yet perpetually changing
character—"Alisue et idem." Ahem!
Horace—I am a grave, staid, sober sort
of a fellow in the main; yet am so irresis-
tibly comical, that even the sight of me
"makes a great laugh at the time."
Ahem! Mathews.

The name by which I am usually call-
ed contains only four letters.

Take away the last of them, and I be-
come an inhabitant of the sea, and can live
on nothing but fish.

Take away the two last, and fish cannot
exist, even in name, without me.

Take away the three last, and I am first
among the *Fair*, and yet the ringleader in
all that is *Foul*.

Take away the first, and I can exist
nowhere but in a tavern.

Take away the first and last, and I ex-
press a meaning universally known, yet
no man can make my meaning out.

Take away the first and two last, and I
am the greatest egotist in the universe.

Who am I?

[Here follows my solution; and let the
aforesaid Uncle Sam say if it be not re-
markably witty and ludicrous.]

THE "POSER" CAPITALLY POSED.

I C U R some comic NT,
In Rts and tricks as BZ as a B,
And by Ur sly XPDNts SA
To pose and puzzle all MRIK.

'Tis not so EZ, Sir! 8

The sharp AQmen of the CTz P8;
Which Cz through Ur XMES fin-S,
"Paul Pry," and "L. L. D. A. S. S."

Ur name alone B-trays 2 my ID,
Prime XLNee in up-R com-ED;
All say, who R in NE Yz induced,
2 C U is a gr8 BAT2d.

Who so XLs as Comus' crown to win?
None, in my STm8, but H. J. Finn;
A name M-ort-L as the mimic Rt,
So says the CT; RUD-tion's mart.

That I M right in guessing U R Finn,
The Ke will be XCding clear; and Cn
By lopping letters, as U NDKT:—
A Ke 2 clear for lawyers 2 Db8.

And thus 2 show U, that stand

Ur drift as plain as I can C my ☞,
I'll XUDs, the SNe of Ur??
them

And take as they're in series.
set

- 1 XMt Ur final N, the rest will B
A fin—2 fish in close FNET.
- 2 Then Wr XA-sion of an N,
And f, U'll B;—no f-sh without, I ken.
- 3 An F 2 Fair and Poul is SN-tail,
As clear as 9 cries O! by dock of tail.
- 4 RAce the F, B4, U R an inn,
Where tra-DG springs from XS of gin.

SONG.

Breathe no more the notes of sadness,
Give to pleasure all thy strings:
Gentle harp, the song of gladness
O'er our souls its magic flings.
Where's the breast with sorrow pining?
Bring the pilgrim to our shrine,
Where the Spirit's light is shining,
There's the Mecca most divine!
Then breathe no more the notes of sadness,
Give to pleasure all thy strings;
Gentle harp, thy song of gladness
O'er our souls its magic flings.
Here no brow by care o'ershaded,
Comes to chill our hearts with sighs;
Here no wreath its flowers have faded,
Meets the glance of sparkling eyes.
Seek ye, love, the bosom's treasure?
Here he plumes his keenest dart,
When ye list the witching measure,
Then love plies his potent art.
Oh! breathe no more the notes of sadness,
Give to pleasure all thy strings;
Gentle harp, thy song of gladness
O'er our souls its magic flings.

RETROSPECTION.

My heart is in my childhood's home,
And by the far off sunny braes
Where musing, once I loved to roam,
In early youth's romantic days.
The past—the past, the dreamy past,
Called up by memory's magic wand,
Gleams through the halo round it east,
Bright as e'en hope's own phantom land.
Oh, never more in after life,
Can hope itself such dreams impart
As then, with breathing beauty rise,
Wreathed their soft spells around my heart.

The skies were brighter then than now,
More bland the wandering breezes blew,
The birds sang sweeter on the bough,
The wild flowers wore a richer hue.

Ideal forms of classic lore,
By moss-grown grot and crystal well,
Seemed still to linger as of yore,
And fairies danced on every dell.

Blither than Elf-land's fabled queen,
I loved the green and laughing earth;
While wooded cliff and wild ravine,
Were echoing to my bosom's mirth.

For care had never dimmed my brow,
Nor friends proved heartless and untrue;
I ne'er had wept love's broken vow,
Nor aught of life's dark changes knew.

Farewell sweet scenes of past delight—
Slowly ye sink from memory's gaze,
Still beaming with reflected light,
As bathed in twilight's parting rays.

I wander on my weary way,
Unmindful where my lot is cast,
Since whereso'er my footsteps stray,
They cannot lead me to the past.

ORIGINAL NOTICES.

The United Service Journal. London.

This is the name of a new periodical, published
in London, of which a few numbers have found
their way to this country. Its contributors are of-
ficers of the British army and navy, and as may rea-
dily be supposed, the scenes of danger and strife
which they witness in all quarters of the world
furnish themes on which to descant, to the great
amusement and interest of their fellow subjects.
The worst of the matter is, that very many of the
gentlemen who are desirous of enriching its col-
umns are unpractised writers, who are unable to
seize upon the topics best calculated for the pur-
poses for which the work is designed. With all its
defects, however, it appears to be just the kind of
reading which the public like—and we, to-day, pre-
sent our readers with an extract relating to our
President, which exhibits the usual want of accu-
racy in some of its details which characterize al-
most every thing respecting America from a British
pen. How far General Jackson has equalled the
writer's expectations, our readers will be able to
judge as well as we.

"Travelling through the western states of America
in the early part of the year 1825, I was in-
duced, by the fame of this distinguished man, as
well as by the report of his hospitality, to request
an introduction to him. Gen. H. formerly an Aid
of the hero, and now commanding the militia of the
state of Tennessee, being made acquainted with my
wish, came and politely tendered me his carriage
and attendance. We left Nashville for Gen. Jack-
son's seat, the Hermitage, distant about nine miles,
on Saturday morning, and arrived just as he and
his lady were getting into the carriage to attend a
meeting of Baptists, the latter being a strict follow-
er of that sect. To this church, which was erected
entirely with money supplied from his own purse,
and was situated not a mile from his house, we re-
paired. Gen. Jackson's religious faith and princi-
ples, as well as every thing else connected with
him, underwent the strictest scrutiny at the late
presidential election. From what I saw of him, I
should suppose him a consistent Christian, making
no pretensions to being better than his neighbors,
but establishing that fact by a long life of rigid pro-
bity, and the performance of honorable and noble
deeds. The affection entertained for him by his
domestics, his neighbors, all who knew him inti-
mately, proves the amiability of his private life; and
the multiplicity of trusts imposed upon him as guar-
dian, executor, &c. attest the confidence placed in
his honor and honesty.

"After the service was concluded we returned
to the General's house, and found dinner ready. I
had an opportunity, in the arrangement of the din-
ner-table, to observe the course of conduct by which
he was enabled to entertain so much company, with-
out that unhappy consumption which would invari-
ably, in England, attend the like profusion in
house-keeping. We had upon the table abundance
of meat: there was beef, mutton, turkeys, geese,
and several kinds of ducks and fowls, but neither
wine nor spirituous liquors of any kind. No fruits
were introduced, nor any thing, save puddings, be-
yond the delicious and excellently cooked meats I
have mentioned. The dinner was served up at
three o'clock, the common dinner-hour in Ameri-
ca; and the company consisted of about thirty, of
whom ten were ladies. They were principally trav-
ellers, attracted like myself by a wish to see the
'American lion'; no person of respectability visit-
ed that part of the country, at the time I was there,
without making a call upon the General. He kept

open doors, and seldom sat down to dinner with
fewer than twenty guests. The expense attending
this hospitality was met by the most rigid economy
in every department, by a strict personal observa-
tion of his domestic polity, and every thing con-
nected with his estate. Every day, at an early
hour, he was in his fields, superintending his slaves
and workmen—with whom he remained many
hours; and every day he made the circuit of the es-
tate, and saw the stock.

"His 'farm,' to use the term applied in Ameri-
ca to all landed properties of whatever dimensions,
consists of about twelve hundred acres of land,
equal in quality to any in the world. I do not know
that I have ever beheld a spot of earth more de-
lightfully situated, or exhibiting greater beauties
than it did at the time of my visit. 'Gently roll-
ing,' to use an American or rather 'Alleghanian'
expression, which signifies slight hills occurring at
moderate intervals, abounding in beautiful little
streams, which meander along through flowery
fields; I thought of Arcadia, and fancied myself
transported to the beautiful regions so brightly
shadowed out in the exquisite little poem of the ro-
mantic Sydney. It was in the middle of April when
I visited the Hermitage, a period of the year which
answers to the last days of May in England. The
spring is delightful throughout the western states of
America, and this was a period of unusual warmth
and verdure.

"The General had, at the time of my visit to
him, about eighty slaves of both sexes, including
those employed about the kitchen. They were the
best clothed, and apparently the happiest, of any I
saw in America. He enjoys the best of characters
as a master; indeed, his reputation for humanity is
so widely disseminated, that he is continually pes-
tered with applications from slaves, who according
to the custom in the United States, have permits
from their masters to go and sell themselves—that
is, choose their masters. Half a dozen came while
I was there, soliciting 'Massa Jackson' to buy them.
His kindness and liberality in feeding and clothing
the hungry and destitute, are also proverbial in that
part of the country. If he hears of a stranger fall-
ing sick, he is sure to inquire immediately into his
circumstances and condition; and instances have
been very frequent where he has had such a one
brought to his house from a considerable distance,
and at a large expense carefully attended and cured,
and furnished with money to bear his expenses home.

"His house is large, but very plain; the furni-
ture what in America is termed 'elegant,' in Great
Britain 'decent.' The grounds around the house
are not laid out with any pretensions to taste; I do
not recollect that I have ever known an estate where
nature has done so much, that art has contributed so
little to adorn. A grove of locusts stands in front
of the house, and the kitchen garden upon one side.
The latter I consider a kind of index or epitome of
the proprietor's mind. It contains, or did contain,
every thing useful, and what was useful well culti-
vated; little merely ornamental, and that somewhat
neglected. A man naturally of strong mind and
vigorous powers, he has acquired a great deal of
useful knowledge, which he imparts with fluency
and self-possession. His manners are very pleas-
ing and graceful, and he is particularly a favorite
with the ladies. I met no man in America, in my
opinion, so well fitting the European definition
of an 'accomplished man' as Gen. Jackson.

"He now presides over the American Republic
in the character of first executive officer. What
will be the character of his administration it is im-
possible to say, but I think it will be one of great,
perhaps mis-judging, economy: pacific in the man-
agement of its foreign relations, and little disposed
to proscrib at home those who may have honestly
differed from the majority of their brethren as to
the merits of the two rival candidates. President
Jackson will not be distinguished for voluminous
state papers and messages; he will not send forth
lengthened expositions of national or financial pol-
icy; but he will, I think, 'do up the thinking,'
while others lingua-fracture the talking; and save
much money to the Republic, by discouraging the
habits of expense which are imperceptibly sapping
the foundations of their creed, constitution, and po-
litical health. The American government, in all,
save its support of its foreign ministers, where it is
miserably niggardly and parsimonious, has been
getting rather profuse of late. Retrenchment in
various departments is necessary, that funds may
be saved to meet the imperative demands created
by the increasing population and corresponding
wants of the states. I think General Jackson is the
man to correct abuses of every description.

"Several of the cabinet he has selected have not,
it is said, the advantage of much experience. Mr.
Van Buren, the newly appointed Secretary of
State, is a man of great talent and experience, and
will undoubtedly make a most able premier. Mr.
Ingham, the Secretary of the Treasury, has not had
the advantage of a liberal education, but he is said
to be a man of vigorous understanding. I know
nothing of the Secretary of War, or the Secretary
of the Navy, or the Attorney General, which com-
pose the Cabinet."

AN OLIO.

Here, haply, thou may'st spy, and seize for use,
Some tiny straggler of the ideal world.

EXCERPTS.—Dividing the world into an hundred parts, I am apt to believe the calculation might be thus adjusted: Pedants 15, Persons of common sense 10, Wits 15, Fools 15, Persons of a wild uncultivated taste 10, Persons of original taste improved by art 5.—*Shenstone.*

So far is it from being true that men are naturally equal, that no two people can be half an hour together, but one shall acquire an evident superiority over the other.—*Johnson.*

Long parted friends, that pass through easy voyages of life, receive but common gladness in meeting; but from a shipwreck saved, we mingle tears with our embraces.—*Provoked Husband.*

THE MIND SUPERIOR TO PERSON.
Figure, I own, at first may give offence,
And harshly strike the eye's too curious sense;
But when perfections of the mind break forth,
Humor's chaste sallies, judgment's solid worth;
When the pure genuine flame, by nature taught,
Springs into sense, and every action's thought;
Before such merit, all objections fly.

Churchill.

It is no very uncommon thing in the world to meet with men of probity; there are likewise a great many men of honor to be found. Men of courage, men of sense, and men of letters are frequent; but a true fine gentleman is what one seldom sees. He is properly a compound of the various good qualities that embellish mankind. As the great poet animates all the different parts of learning by the force of his genius, and irradiates all the compass of his knowledge by the lustre and brightness of his imagination, so all the great and solid perfections of life appear in the finished gentleman, with a beautiful gloss and varnish; every thing he says or does is accompanied with a manner, or rather a charm, that draws the admiration of every beholder.—*Steele.*

What less than fool is man to prog and plot
And lavish out the cream of all his care,
To gain poor seeming goods; which being got,
Make firm possession, but a thoroughfare;
Or, if they stay, they furrow thoughts the deeper;
And being kept with care, they lose their careful keeper.

Quarles.

There is no security in evil society, where the bad are often made worse, the good seldom better.—*Sir P. Warwick.*

The bitterest fruit of distress is the bread of another's baking; but if it must be eaten in base company, fortune has done her worst.

He is my friend that secureth me—not he that pitieth me.

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new hatch'd, unfledged comrade.

Shakespeare.

PRECEPT AND EXAMPLE.—Though the "words of the wise be as nayles fastened by the masters of assemblies," yet sure their examples are the hammer to drive them in to take the deeper hold. A father that whipped his son for swearing, and swore himself while he whipped him, did more hurt by his example than good by his correction.—*Fuller.*

TASTE.—It is reason and good sense which ranks and estimates every act according to its importance, from the painter of animated down to inanimated nature. We will not allow a man, who shall prefer the inferior style, to say it is his taste; taste here has nothing, or at least ought to have nothing, to do with the question. He wants not taste, but sense, or soundness of judgment.—*Sir J. Reynolds.*

EMPLOYMENTS.—It is observed too often that men of wit do so often employ

their thoughts upon fine speculations, that things useful to mankind are entirely neglected, and they are making amendations upon some inclitics in a Greek author, while obvious things, that every man may have use for, are wholly overlooked.—*Addison.*

Resolution without action is a slothful folly; action without resolution is a foolish rashness.—*Sir P. Warwick.*

Idleness is the greatest prodigality.

Corrupt company is more infectious than corrupt air.—*Lord Burleigh.*

THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 25.

City Morals.—The promenaders in Washington Square groan out for benches to rest upon—seeing they are apt to be tired with walking, and that the Councils, in the excess of their politeness, refuse to let them sit upon the grass. The United States' Gazette, in alluding to this subject, quotes the following, from a London paper, as a good reason why no benches should be introduced:

"The manner in which the benches in the different Parks have been abused is a justification of the present measure. We hope these benches, for the sake of decency and public morals, will be henceforth removed from the public Parks. At every hour of the day they appear to be nuisances. The most filthy and obscene expressions are carved upon them. One bench contains so many persons, that the good come into contact with the bad—the innocent with the polluted—the unthinking and the modest with the pickpocket and the libertine. Therefore, we contend that these benches should instantly be destroyed, and be substituted by chairs, under the surveillance of proper persons interested in taking charge of them, and exacting a small fee from those who feel disposed to use them."

Now, this putting of us on a level with the dregs of London is rather a left-handed compliment to the morals of Philadelphia. We venture to say, that no such evil need be feared in Washington Square, for there are men enough employed, in all conscience, about the Square, to rap the knuckles of any obscene letter-cutter. In fact, we don't see how their time could be better employed, than in keeping the place in perfect order, in that particular respect as well as in others. Even the New-York Battery—poor, shabby, dirty, and common-looking as it is—has a profusion of benches for the accommodation of ladies; yet none of them are hacked, nor have they any obscene words carved upon them: a sure sign, by the way, that if they escape, we in Philadelphia have no cause for apprehension.

How to puff.—We often feel the yearnings of compassion for our brother editors, particularly those of New-York, when we see them announcing a new book, which has been presented to them with the view of having it favorably noticed, or, in other words, puffed. In nine cases out of nine and a half, they never read further than the title-page, yet always manage to say something kind and clever. We have just hit upon an announcement of this kind, which, for its superior excellence, stands unrivalled. It is from the New-York American.

"Stratton Hall, or a Tale of the Civil Wars, is the title of a new re-publication by the Messrs. Harpers, which we found on our table this morning. We have not yet even broken the envelope, lest, if we did, the possible interest of the contents might enroach upon time required by other avocations. A time will come, however; and abiding that, we thus mention the work for the benefit of others."

How kind! "We have not even broken the envelope," for fear it would prove too interesting! This, gentle reader, is writing without saying a word. The book is a gift, and must be noticed. "We have not broken the envelope" means, we don't care a toss of a copper for it, yet we will put in a kind of a sort of a puff, in order to get more books for our Show Library.

Naval Asylum.—This large and convenient structure, on the Schuylkill, is nearly completed, and presents a striking object to the traveller on entering our city from the west. The construction combines neatness with elegance and comfort. Galleries run round the western front, in each story,

forming for the inmates "dry docks" in stormy weather; and we are half inclined to the belief that, during the prevalence of high winds, it will be a more desirable retreat than the round-top of a seventy-four. We should have preferred a location on the Delaware, as more shipping would have passed under the eye of the veterans of the ocean. We anticipate its becoming one of our most interesting public institutions. To those who are fond of hearing "long yarns," it will be a fine retreat to spin out a winter evening, in listening to the recital of dangers passed amid the roaring of cannon and the storm—

"Where old men prattle o'er their former wars,
And proudly show their wooden legs and scars."

Miseries of Editorship.—The Editor of the New York Critic has discontinued the publication of that paper, not because he had no subscribers, but because those he had would not pay their subscriptions. He was an industrious fellow—his weekly sheet proved that; but that he was industrious enough to perform such wonders as the following paragraph discloses, is more than we supposed to belong to any mortal:

"Without entering into tedious detail, my readers can well understand the effect of pecuniary distractions on one who, unacquainted with business, and not possessed of capital, has been for several months endeavoring, by his unaided efforts, to sustain an expensive establishment. At the same time that I have regularly given to my subscribers, a paper written exclusively by myself, (with the exception of two prose articles, and a few poetical ones,) and containing more original matter than any other periodical in the United States, I have been so harassed for means to carry on the publication, that but a very small portion of my time could possibly be appropriated to literary labor; and that portion has been rendered still less by the cares and solicitude attendant on severe sickness in my family, which, taking place on the very day when the first number was printed, has continued to weigh on my spirits to the present hour. Still, however, as the patronage was continually and, under the circumstances, rapidly increasing, I firmly encountered every obstacle, resolving at the least to deserve, if I could not command, success. At the commencement of the second volume, now brought to an abrupt conclusion, I conceived that my greatest difficulties were overcome, and that the amount of subscriptions which I should immediately realize, would enable me to go on under more favorable auspices. In this I have been bitterly disappointed. But few have chosen to comply with the terms of the paper; and of a thousand dollars, which became due on the termination of the previous volume, I have not been able to collect sufficient to defray the current weekly expenses of my office. Under these circumstances, to persist any longer would be the height of folly, as every successive day but involves me deeper in pecuniary embarrassments. Those who have seen me, running about from morning to night, personally endeavoring, by repeated applications, to obtain what should have been paid at the first solicitation—and those who have been waited on some thirty or fifty times, by different collectors, but all in vain, for their paltry twenty shillings—will well understand the necessity of this resolution. Many a day, after having spent all the hours of business, from early morning till night, in these fruitless endeavors, I have returned to my room at evening, wearied and disheartened, to pursue my literary avocations—and then, exhausted the night, until broad day-light again, in the manual operations of my office."

Travelling.—A writer in the late number of the American Quarterly says, that aspirants for fame in the book-making trade, now-a-days, instead of mounting their Pegasus, take passage in a steamboat, and write a book of travels. We respectfully propose to the learned, that steamboats change their cognomen, and be called by the more classical name of Pegasus. There would be a great advantage in alluring travellers, who have become tired of the monotony of steamers.—The same writer, reviewing Flint's Western Geography, says Mr. F. descended the Ohio to Cincinnati, and then "descended the Mississippi to St. Louis!" There is a geographical reviewer for you! We had been always under the impression that it was necessary to ascend the Mississippi, and have been confirmed in our belief from maps which are extant. But when a geographic reviewer says "descend," we suppose it has moved down stream, to be nearer New Orleans.

The New Novel.—Prompted by curiosity, excited by the interest of Scott's new novel, we examined the other day into some of the historical de-

tails which it purports to set forth, and a more complete perversion of historical correctness it would be difficult to detect. The Earl of Oxford, who bears so prominent a part in the wars in Brittany, was, at the time he is thus employed by Scott, engaged in some petty intrigues and trifling robberies at home; and Queen Margaret, who is plotting wars at her father Rene's Court, was in prison in France. So we go with romances. It is to be wished, that the most celebrated novelist of the day would either keep to some degree of truth, or abstain entirely from introducing historical characters.

To those who do not understand the tricks of trade, we may say, in passing, that the second edition, at half-price, nominally printed in New-York, is from the same types as the Philadelphia edition, and on quite as good paper! Tricks in all trades but ours!

It seems that R. P. Smith's Tragedy has changed its name to "The Hunters of Kentucky." The Commercial Advertiser, albeit, much given to sarcasm, has the following critique on this play, which we must acknowledge has some foundation in truth.

At Albany, as we learn, the celebration went off heavily; but the Albany Theatre was unusually crowded—the officers visited it in uniform, to hear and behold a grand patriotic melo-drama, written by a native citizen, the plot of which was somewhat curious, and not easily to be made out. One incident was, that General Jackson was found in a mill, by a detachment of General Pakenham's grenadiers, with the miller's coat on. The way in which he escaped was novel and ingenious. An armistice had been agreed upon, and signed by General Pakenham, who left it lying on a table. General Jackson gets hold of a pen and signs it likewise, upon which he marches off. His boots were remarkably well blackened, and might, indeed, have served, like those sent him from Pittsburgh, for "a mirror to stimulate the deeds of future glory," if any boots could perform that function, as the General in his letter of thanks seemed to imagine. Another incident was somewhat droll. The rifleman who was to shoot General Pakenham got up on the cotton bags and made a considerable preliminary flourish, calling on a by-stander to see how he would hit the white plume; but his rifle flashed in the pan, and he was obliged to ask a gentleman on the other side, who must have been one of the enemy, of course, to accommodate him with fresh priming!

We find the following strong paragraph in a London paper. It is called "A Cut at Rowland Stephenson"—but might with equal justice be applied to many others who bear a different name:

"Let a poor, starving, out-at-elbows rascal pick a gentleman's pocket of a half-worn eighteen-penny handkerchief, and the pump, or the tread-mill, or the hulks, according to the mood of the mob and the magistrate, are all too little for him. If, aspiring to something higher, the thief shall break a pane in the Earl of Wallow-in-wealth's pantry window; insinuate himself through the aperture, and abstract from the shelf, 'where they had been but an hour before carefully deposited by his lordship's butler,' five silver tea-spoons, value 17. 3s. 4d. the whole world of London and of Bow street will be amazed at an atrocity, for which nothing but a short thrift and a stout halter, cotton and hemp, can possibly atone. But let the offender figure in a suit of the newest cut, with a gold watch and a diamond ring; let him inhabit a fine house, keep a carriage, with a pair of greys, and give venison and claret to fiddlers, painters, and small wits; let him, by virtue of these elegant exteriors, rob the aged of their savings, the young of their dower, pluck the shield from the widow, and the stay from the orphan; cheat every friend that possesses the material of being cheated; beggar five hundred families; and then withdraw to the land of liberty and equality, beyond the Atlantic;—instead of being pursued by the execrations, he shall be followed by the pity of the million, and a hundred good reasons invented for the palliation of his villainy!"

The French Theatrical Company, whose visits for the two last summers have been hailed by our citizens with overflowing houses, is again expected here about the first of September next. We learn they are prepared to produce several new pieces.

Rowland Stephenson, about whom so much clamor has recently been made, is said to contemplate settling himself at Burlington, N. J. He has been there, examining the extensive premises lately occupied by Joseph Melvaine, Esq. late United States' Senator.

The Ladies.—It is truly astonishing to what an extent temperance feelings have gained ground in this country. The whole force of the press (not the *cider-press*) has been turned into this channel, and will yet do wonders. At one time, we are told the reason why the wives of drunkards do not live long is that the breath of their husbands is unwholesome. At another, that a farmer has rooted up his apple trees for fear the fruit will be distilled! At this rate, we must not raise grain for fear of the same result. We agree with the able editor of the Commercial Advertiser, in thinking a good thing may be abused, and insert his commentary below, on ladies forming anti-drinking societies. He says of an editor who publishes the proceedings of the *anti-ladies*, (who, we fear, can never be called by a more endearing title than *aunt*), "Now we appeal to the good sense of the editor of this Journal, whether, if women will so far forget their sex, and the proper sphere of duties, as thus to expose themselves to the just ridicule of the world, the editors of respectable publications would not act wisely to hide the fact from the public? We do not impeach the motives of these good wives and their daughters, for resolving not to drink rum, or to receive 'the addresses' of those who do—but in the name of decency, do not let them make fools of themselves by meetings and resolutions. If these good women had never been tipplers themselves, nor allowed their daughters to be courted by tipplers, why give cause for a suspicion that such might have been the fact? Have our reformers—our religious editors—the travelling missionaries of our great societies—no jealousy for the reputation of our people, or the honor of our country, that these indiscretions must be published to our own dishonor? Already have our cheeks been flushed with indignation, at seeing it published in a leading London paper, that so intemperate have the females of the United States become, that they are obliged to form societies to keep each other sober. And these foul libels upon our character—upon the character of our females, which is much more dear to us than our own—are warranted by the proceedings and publications of our reformers, whose zeal so far outstrips their judgment. We know that intemperance is a sore evil in the land, and we yield to none in our desire for a reform; but in the name of all that is decent, and all that is valuable in reputation, do let us temper our zeal with discretion."

Something new under the sun.—The following notice appears in a morning paper, and as we have concluded to purchase the right, and take out a patent, we insert it below entire, in order to show our readers to what uses and purposes we mean to apply the invention:

"TO THE SCIENTIFIC WORLD.—A great discovery has been made by a journeyman mechanic of this city, whereby he can condense the solar rays to a focus of the most intense heat, for a trifling expense; that he has established the fact practically; that a heat several hundred times hotter than red hot iron can be easily produced: that he believes the whole apparatus to produce a heat 11,500* times hotter than red hot iron, would not cost over \$100, and that this focus can be extended to half a mile distance at the same time. Should any individual person, or scientific institution, feel disposed to give encouragement to the advancement of science, the proprietor of this will give practical illustrations of the above facts. A line addressed to A. B. D., and left at the Philadelphia post office, will meet with attention."

P. S. The proprietor being aware that one practical fact is worth a hundred theoretical demonstrations, will require means to put such facts into operation.

*Or in other words, to condense 120 cubic feet of sun rays to a focus of 3-8ths of an inch diameter, the intense heat of which any persons acquainted with the nature of the subject, know that it would be impossible to pass a bar of iron through, (no matter how quick the motion,) without melting it in two."

With this immense heat we mean to perform wonders, and make the world itself warm with our patent. We shall travel over America first, and then visit those parts of Europe where the sun shines, and the people are moderately intelligent, and dispose of patents as way may open. When on these journeys, we shall have a machine half a mile high, with which to exhibit the main principles of the discovery, besides several smaller in-

struments to make experiments, and convince the most timid and incredulous. We shall have a machine half a mile from Fair Mount, and if the citizens of Philadelphia do not patronize us, we shall throw the whole power upon the water of the Schuylkill, and go near drying up that insignificant stream; if we do not dry it up entirely, we shall fry all the fish in the river, and go so near to setting it on fire, that the smell of fried fish will ruin the water for use. We have no doubt that this powerful engine of heat will compel our citizens to pay tribute to the patentee. A peculiar combination of this invention, with other sciences, will enable us to make discoveries, and cure defects in the moral as well as the physical world. If a lady, who braves the opinion of the town, should make her appearance in the streets, flaunting in gay attire, we shall, with one *coup de soleil*, blast her reputation, and consign her to poverty and disgrace. We shall melt the ill-gotten gains of the illicit money-shaver, and make his pockets so hot, that he will be compelled to act justly, and love mercy. We shall throw open the hidden secrets of the unrighteous pawn-brokers—expose their ill-gotten gains; exhibit the connexion between the grog-shop, and the store-house of stolen goods; nor shall we stop at such discoveries as these, but hold the mirror up to all the bargain and sale of office—show the folly of having legislators and office-holders who can be bought and sold—show the abuse of Bank directors, who throw out good paper from the Bank, that they may shave it afterwards themselves—and, in short, make the wicked tremble, giving them such a foretaste of the heat of the next world, as will induce them, if not to love honesty, to fear punishment. We shall burn as many of *Jemmy Charcoal's* trumpets as we can buy, and make such a quiet city that it will be a little paradise. But it is from the Temperance Societies that we anticipate the greatest patronage. Each society being in the possession of one of these philosophical suns, will be able, with a single stroke, to burst all the decanters and barrels from which drunkenness is sold; with a smaller machine they shall be able to burn a large hole in every door, behind which their members retire to break the rules of the society, and thus expose them in all their duplicity.

We have determined to name the discovery *The Sun of the Bulletin*, and have a great many more schemes for making it useful to society, but have concluded to keep them to ourself, having only given the foregoing short statement to prevent others claiming the discovery; and to forewarn all peaceable citizens, who live in fear of a law suit, not to trespass upon our invention. All the principal lawyers of the country to whom the plan has been submitted, give their *unqualified* approbation, and are of opinion that the patent can be sustained. As soon as we have made the necessary arrangements, and got the machine in order, we shall publish the result.

P. S. We shall warm the city by the same process that cold is now sold from carts, having receptacles in which the most intense heat can be bottled up for use in platina vessels. Owners of coal lands may as well dispose of their speculations.

N. B. All the gold mines of North Carolina we shall melt in a twinkling. This notice is given that all who own land on which gold is found, may sell out.

The Boston Traveller, in speaking of the Indian wars, observes, "After the negligence of St. Clair had suffered his army to be surprised and totally defeated, &c." This is wrong. St. Clair was not defeated by any negligence of his own, though bitter was the persecution which the poor old veteran suffered for that unfortunate campaign. His second in command, General Butler, was the cause of that disastrous overthrow; and the Boston Traveller should be well informed on these particulars before so unjust an accusation is made against a revolutionary soldier so distinguished, yet so persecuted, as General St. Clair. Every story has two sides—let him look into both of this.

Philanthropy.—One of our citizens, who has said more, if he has done less, than others in the way of benefiting our fellow mortals, happening to own a corner lot in this city, which was exactly large enough to build one comfortable house on,

has run up seven, on the side where the garden should be, making about as comfortable a hole as some of the alleys we lately descanted on. His tenants can stand in their back-parlor windows, and touch the back wall of the yard, so called, which wall consists of a high 3-story brick house. To make the matter worse, they are genteel looking tenements outside; but if all our fellow-citizens are as philanthropic as the owner, they will not live in such mock shells. New York, even, contains no such *corner houses*.

Our trans-atlantic brethren do not consider our species incapable of sitting in modest attitudes, and have wisely concluded to place benches in St. James's Park, as appears by the following item in a London print:

"The Commissioners of Woods and Forests have given orders for 160 circular benches to be placed in the most shady situations, round the various trees in St. James's Park, for the accommodation of the public, gratis."

Mr. Clay's Speech.—We have had this elegant production in our drawer for some time, intending at an early day to furnish some extracts for the gratification of our readers. Strictly speaking, it may be regarded as a *political* oration—with which, by right, we should have nothing to do. But the passages selected are those which relate less to politics than to other subjects. Our admiration of this great man's abilities and patriotism is of the same order as that which we feel for the most distinguished benefactor of our country; and at the expression of which, no dissatisfaction can be reasonably entertained. Surely we, in common with others, may be permitted to express our predilections in favor of the father of the American System—the eloquent and successful advocate of South American Independence.

A number of Mr. Clay's friends, in testimony of their sense of his services, tendered him a public dinner. The invitation was accepted, and the dinner was given at Fowler's Garden, near Lexington, Kentucky. It is said that two thousand persons partook of the entertainment. Among others, the following sentiment was given—

"Our distinguished guest, friend and neighbor, Henry Clay—With increased proofs of his worth, we delight to renew the assurance of our confidence in his patriotism, talents, and incorruptibility—may health and happiness attend him in his retirement, and a grateful nation do justice to his virtues."

After this toast had been enthusiastically applauded by the company, Mr. Clay rose and addressed the immense multitude before him, in a speech of nearly two hours. He stood in a small porch, elevated a few feet above the company, so that a full view might be had of his person. The opening of the speech is marked by one of the happiest compliments we have ever read, and is distinguished by the speaker's peculiar happy talent of identifying his own feelings and interests with those of his audience:

"I fear, friends and fellow-citizens, that if I could find language to express the feelings which now animate me, I could not be heard throughout this vast assembly. My voice, once strong and powerful, has had its vigor impaired by delicate health and advancing age. You must have been separated, as I have been for four years past, from some of your best and dearest friends, with whom, during the greater part of your lives, you had associated in the most intimate friendly intercourse. You must have been traduced, as I have been, after exerting, with zeal and fidelity, the utmost of your powers to promote the welfare of our country. And you must have returned, among those same warm-hearted friends, and been greeted, and welcomed, and honored by them, as I have recently been, before you could estimate the degree of sensibility which I now feel, or conceive how utterly inadequate all human language is to portray the grateful emotions of my heart. I behold gathered here, as I have seen in other instances, since my return among you, sires, far advanced in years, endeared to me by an interchange of friendly office and sympathetic feeling, beginning more than thirty years ago. Their sons, grown up during my absence in the public councils, accompanying them; and all, prompted by ardent attachment, affectionately surrounding and saluting me as if I belonged to their own household. Considering the multitude here assembled, their standing and respectability, and the distance which many have come personally to see me, and to testify their respect and confidence, I consider this day and this occasion as the proud-

est of my life. The tribute, thus rendered by my friends, neighbors, and fellow-citizens, flows spontaneously from their hearts, as it penetrates the inmost recess of mine. Tendered in no servile spirit, it does not aim to propitiate one in authority. Power could not buy or coerce it. The offspring of enlightened and independent freemen, it is addressed to a beloved fellow-citizen, in private life, without office, and who can present nothing in return, but his hearty thanks. I pray all of you, gentlemen, to accept these. They are due to every one of you for the sentiment just pronounced, and for the proceedings of this day. And I owe a particular expression of them to that portion of my friends who, although I had the misfortune to differ from them in the late contest, have honored me by their attendance here. I have no reproaches to make them. Regrets I have. But I give, as I have received from them, the hand of friendship as cordially as it is extended to any of my friends. It is highly gratifying to me to know that these, and thousands of others, who co-operated with them in producing the late political change, were unaffected towards me by prejudices attempted to be excited against me. I entertain too high respect for the inestimable privilege of freely exercising one's independent judgment on public affairs, to draw in question the right of any of my fellow-citizens to form and to act upon their opinions, in opposition to mine. The best and wisest amongst us are, at least, but weak and fallible human beings; and no man ought to set up his own judgment as an unerring standard, by which the correctness of all others is to be tested and tried."

His sentiments in relation to the present rulers of the Government, must attract general admiration for their mildness and impartiality:

"A large portion of my friends and fellow-citizens, from whom I differed on the late occasion, did not disagree with me as to the foreign or domestic policy of Government. We only differed in the selection of agents to carry that policy into effect. Experience can alone determine who was right. If that policy continues to be pursued, under the new administration, it shall have as cordial support from me as if its care had been confided to agents of my own choice. If, on the contrary, it shall be neglected or abandoned, the friends to whom I now refer will be bound by all the obligations of patriotism and consistency to adhere to the policy."

There is a keen but gently worded rebuke contained in the following paragraph. His conclusions are as just as the premises are sound:

"Government is a trust, and the officers of Government are trustees; and both the trust and the trustees are created for the benefit of the people. Official incumbents are bound, therefore, to administer the trust, not for their own private or individual benefit, but so as to promote the prosperity of the people. This is the vital principle of a Republic. If a different principle prevail, and a Government be so administered as to gratify the passions or to promote the interests of a particular individual, the forms of free institutions may remain, but that Government is essentially a monarchy. The great difference between the two forms of Government is, that, in a Republic, all power and authority, and all public offices and honors, emanate from the people, and are exercised and held for their benefit. In a monarchy, all power and authority, all offices and honors, proceed from the monarch; his interests, his caprices, and his passions, influence and control the destinies of the kingdom. In a Republic, the people are every thing, and a particular individual nothing. In a monarchy, the monarch is every thing, and the people nothing. And the true character of the Government is stamped not by the forms of the appointment to office alone, but by its practical operation. If, in one, nominally free, the chief magistrate, as soon as he is clothed with power, proceeds to exercise it so as to minister to his passions, and to gratify his favorites; and systematically distributes his rewards and punishments, in the application of the power of patronage with which he is invested for the good of the whole, upon the principle of devotion and attachment to him, and not according to the ability and fidelity with which the people are or may be served, that chief magistrate, for the time being and within the scope of his discretionary power, is in fact, if not in form, a monarch."

We need offer no opinion on the justice of the annexed—every man is competent to judge correctly on the subject:

"I will not dwell on the injustice and individual distress which are the necessary consequences of these acts of authority. Men who accepted public employments, entered on them with the implied understanding that they would be retained as long as they continued to discharge their duties to the public honestly, ably, and assiduously. All their private arrangements are made accordingly. To be dismissed, without fault, and without trial: to be expelled, with their families, without the means of support, and in some instances disqualified, by age or by official habits, from the pursuit of any other

business; and all this to be done, upon the will of one man, in a free government, was surely intolerable oppression."

After entering very minutely into the circumstances and merits of the extensive system of removals now in practice, and contrasting it with the policy of Jefferson, and most of the other Presidents, in a manner, too, not at all palatable to the present dynasty, he concludes that part of his discourse with the following remarkable anecdote—the port referred to is New-York:

"At the most important port of the U. States, the office of Collector was filled by Mr. Thompson, whose removal was often urged upon the late administration by some of its friends, upon the ground of his alleged attachment to Gen. Jackson; but the late President was immovable in his resolution to deprive no man of his office, in consequence of his political opinions or preferences. Mr. Thompson's removal was so often and so strongly pressed, for the reason just stated, that an inquiry was made of the Secretary of the Treasury, into the manner in which the duties of the office were discharged. The Secretary stated that there was no better collector in the public service; and that his returns and accounts were regularly and neatly rendered, and all the duties of his office ably and honestly performed, as far as he knew or believed. This meritorious officer has been removed to provide a place for Mr. Swartwout, whose association with Colonel Burr is notorious throughout the United States. I put it to the candor of all who are here to say, if such a change can be justified in the port of New-York, the revenue collected at which amounts to about ten millions of dollars—more than one-third of the whole revenue of the United States!"

He next returns to his own affairs, as connected with the state of internal improvements in Kentucky:

"Since my return home, I have mixed as freely as I could with my friends and fellow-citizens of the district. They have met me with the greatest cordiality. Many of them expressed a wish that I would again represent them. Some of the most prominent and respectable of those who voted for the present chief magistrate, have also expressed a similar wish. I have every reason to believe that there would be no opposition to me, from any quarter or any party, if I were to offer. But, if I am not greatly deceived in the prevailing feeling throughout the district, it is one more delicate and respectful towards me, and I appreciate it much higher, than if it had been manifested in loud calls upon me to return to my old post. It referred the question to my own sober judgment. My former constituents were generally ready to acquiesce in any decision I might think it proper to make. If I were to offer for Congress, they were prepared to support me with their accustomed zeal and true-heartedness. I thank them all, from the bottom of my heart, whether they agreed or differed with me in the late contest, for this generous confidence."

Mr. Clay declines re-election, either to the State Legislature or to Congress, because his "feelings prompted him to remain in private life," and for the following substantial reasons:

"I have served my country now near thirty years. My constitution, never very vigorous, requires repose. My health, always of late years very delicate, demands care. My private affairs want attention. Upon my return home, I found my house out of repair, my farm not in order, the fences down, the stock poor, the crop not set, and late in April the corn-stalks of last year's growth yet standing in the field, a sign of slovenly cultivation."

His conclusion may be regarded as a happy exhibition of grateful simplicity, in seeming to forget the humble origin from which he rose, to be the great and distinguished man that he now is: "I came among you an orphan boy!" How much encouragement does that single sentence offer to the enterprising youth of America! The closing words are equally instructive and solemn. Happy, indeed, must be the man, who, after breasting the political vortex for nearly thirty years, can retire within the bosom of his own domestic circle, and say to himself, with a sincerity that asks no reservation, "I have honestly and faithfully served my country."

"And now, my friends and fellow-citizens, I cannot part from you on, possibly, this last occasion of my ever publicly addressing you, without reiterating the expression of my thanks from a heart overflowing with gratitude. I came among you, now more than thirty years ago, an orphan boy, penniless, a stranger to you all, without friends, without the favor of the great. You took me up, cherished me, caressed me, protected me, honored me. You have constantly poured upon me a bold and unabated stream of innumerable favors. Time, which wears out every thing, has increased and strengthened your affection for me. Where I seemed deserted by almost the whole world, and assailed by almost every tongue, and pen, and press, you have fearlessly and manfully stood by me with unsurpassed zeal and undiminished friendship. When I felt as if I should sink beneath the storm of abuse and detraction which was violently raging around me, I found myself upheld and sustained by your encouraging voices and your approving smiles. I have, doubtless, committed many faults and indiscretions, over which you have thrown the broad mantle of your charity. But I can say, and in the presence of my God and of this assembled multitude I will say, that I have honestly and faithfully served my country; that I have never wronged it; and that, however unprepared I lament that I am, to appear in the Divine presence, on other accounts, I invoke the stern justice of His judgment, without the smallest apprehension of his displeasure."

Mr. Clay sat down amid the long continued plaudits of the company; after which, he gave the following toast—

"The State of Kentucky—A cordial union of all parties in favor of an efficient system of internal improvements, adapted to the wants of the State."

The spire erecting over the Catholic Chapel, in Fourth street above Race, is in a state of considerable forwardness, and promises to add another ornament to our un-aspiring city.

Total number of deaths in this city during the week ending 11th inst. 82—16 by Cholera Morbus. Pears are coming on the top of cucumbers, and we anticipate an increase of this item of mortality.

John W. Bartleson, late Editor of the Doylestown Political Examiner, has established a weekly paper at Freehold, N. J. called the "Monmouth Enquirer."

Snow Storm.—We understand from a private letter received in this city, that, on the 5th of July, a heavy snow storm was experienced at Northampton, Mass.

A reward offered.—A reward of \$5 is offered by a gentleman in Newburg, through the columns of the Newburg Gazette, to a lady who will wear the smallest hat in Church for the next six months. The object is laudable.

The Massachusetts Spy informs us that the Solar Microscope reveals to the beholder the secrets of the invisible world. If an honest Irishman had said so, it would have been ascribed to the potatoe bump.

In Petersburg, N. H. the Ladies gave the Gentlemen a dinner on the 4th inst.

More wit from the Southern Galaxy.—"The last Kentucky Reporter was issued with an inverted head. It was, without doubt, an accident; but it is sadly typical of the affairs of that state for some years past."

We find the following in the Middletown [Con.] Sentinel:

"As Anti-Masonic and other anti-societies have become very fashionable, I would recommend that an Anti-go-to-sleep-at-church society be formed at this place."

If the officers of the above named society are not already elected, we would recommend that in every case the clergyman be grand master, with all proper powers, influences, &c.

The Bangor Republican says: "We acknowledge the receipt of fifteen subscribers the past week. Next week we hope to acknowledge payment from fifteen, or more, who have owed us these two years." The Editor is a hopeful gentleman—we trust his hopes will be fulfilled.

Theological Challenge.—C. Shultz, of Virginia, gives notice in the National Intelligencer, that he has tendered to Mr. Robert Dale Owen, Mr. George Houston, and Miss Frances Wright, a Theological Challenge, to be confined to the merits of Atheism, Deism, and Theism. He proposes to conduct it through the medium of Mr. Owen's friend Houston's "Correspondent," now published in New York, where those who feel an interest in the discussion may peruse it as it progresses. He has undertaken to show that the existence of a God, the immortality of the soul, and future retribution, are rational doctrines without the aid of any "revelation" whatever.

How to know a poet.—According to an English paper, a certain extemporaneous poet, in London, has the uncommon talent of holding his hand long over a candle!!

No man can mortgage his injustice as a pawn for his fidelity.—Burke.

FOR THE ARIEL.

It is greatly to be deplored that the people of these happy states have such a distaste for this country's manufactures, and such a relish for every thing foreign. Many of our manufactures are superior, in point of elegance and durability, to imported merchandize; yet the very name of "home-made," attached to any piece of wearing apparel, is abhorred by our gentlemen, vulgarly called dandies. This erroneous taste is not only very discouraging to the enterprising manufacturer, but is highly injurious to the interests of our country. The difference between foreign and domestic articles of commerce is, in a majority of cases, entirely imaginary; and could we only imagine home-made to be bona fide English goods, we would not lose by the deception. Those who prefer the use of foreign merchandize to the many superior articles which we manufacture, cannot be said to be sincere friends of America, or zealous advocates of domestic manufactures, by the encouragement and prosperity of which, we might soon be placed beyond our present state of dependence, which, happily, is not great. A mistaken relish exists with us also, as regards the great influx of foreign literary productions. The difference and apathy with which some of our elegant and energetic writers are considered, and the avidity with which English productions are read and panegyricized, be they penned with good sense and perspicuity, or teeming with absurd and imaginary trash, are subjects of wonder and regret. The same might be said of our refined taste in relation to stage performances: a Monsieur, or Madame, having the magic power of fascinating our fashionables, where a better, home-bred genius, had failed of attraction. For no other reason are they preferred, than because they speak the fashionable language, and belong to the politest nation—not that any particular merit increases their attractions.

PHILO-REPUBLIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ARIEL.

As you have set out with the laudable intention of amusing and instructing your readers with good selections of Epitaphs, I shall occasionally supply your columns with this article, of which I am particularly fond.

OLD MORTALITY.

Epitaph on a favorite dog, whose name was Pompey, but who, from the beauty of his marks, was occasionally called Spot: Here Pompey lies, Pompey of spotless fame, Yet spots he had, and Spot became his name: Though full of spots, Spot lived without a spot: Ah! who can trace such spots in human lot! His spots were beauties of a spotless kind, Spots without spot on good Spot traced we find. Of honest Spot this truth may be relied, In this spot spotted Spot lies spotless, As he lived and died.

The following is literally copied from a tombstone erected in Monkwearmouth Church yard, England:

"In memory of Sarah Willcock, Wife of John Willcock—Who Died August 15. 1820 Aged 48 years. She was But Re sons For Beds me To Sa what But think what a woman shoule Be and She was that."

By Lord Chancellor King, on a favorite old domestic, a Carpenter:

Posts oft he made, yet ne'er a place could get, And liv'd by railing, though he was no wit; Old saws he had, although no antiquarian, And stiles he mended, yet was no grammarian.

On three Ladies:

Beneath this stone three wives are laid,
They're still at last, and rest together;
They buried were with much parade,
Their good spouse caring not a feather.
As marriage by many is reckon'd a curse,
These three he did marry for better or worse;
The first for her person, the next for her purse,
And the third to insure him a doctress and nurse.

The subjoined was written for a man named So, who desired that his name might be introduced as often as possible:

So did he live, So did he die,
So, so, did he? so let him lie!

On a Musician:

Stephen and Time are now both even—
Stephen beat Time, now Time's beat Stephen.

On a Gravedigger:

Come, let us rejoice, merry boys, at his fall,
For had he but liv'd, he'd have buried us all.

On Richelieu, by Benserade:

Beneath this marble Richelieu lies,
Believe me, for I swear 'tis true:
And what calls forth my deepest sighs,
Here with him lies my pension too.

On a Man without a character:

Silence is wisdom.

On a Lawyer:

Hic jacet Jacobus Straw,
Who forty years followed the Law,
When he died the devil cried,
Jaque, give us your paw.

CLIPPINGS.

An abridgment of Webster's Dictionary has been prepared by Mr. J. E. Worcester, of Cambridge, and is nearly ready for publication. It will be a super-royal, containing about a thousand pages, and comprising all the words in the quarto edition, with additions, and full definitions, &c.

Mr. O'Brian, from the North of Ireland, aged 34 years, who stands nearly 8 feet, was exhibiting himself in Liverpool at the last dates. He says that he is allowed to be the largest and best proportioned man ever exhibited in the United Kingdoms.

The Editors of the New-Bedford Courier copied the following from a bank-bill, a few days since—"A New-Bedford whalerman bids farewell to his last dollar of a three years' voyage, amounting to \$309, the whole of which has been spent in Intemperance. June 1, 1829."

The Editor of the Lancaster Gazette declares, from experience, that a slight application of mercurial ointment will effectually remove the disease in the peach tree, called the yellow leaf. One ounce is sufficient for fifty trees.

Long Speeches.—Some nice calculations have been made in one of the papers, of the expense to the State of an hour's speech in the Legislature. It is found to amount to \$300. Of course, half an hour must cost 150, and a quarter \$50. It, therefore, behooves those who talk there to measure their time.

Dr. Scudder, of New York, continues to succeed in putting glass eyes into people's heads. They look and move for all the world like natural ones.

By the Eclipse line of stages, a merchant arrived at Cleveland, Ohio, in three days and a half from the city of New-York, a distance of 580 miles.

There are sixty Nuns in the Georgetown Convent, near Washington. They are schooled two days in a week in the art of making pies, puddings, &c. besides French and music, and to dance.

Hearty Praise.—A New York paper says of a novel, that it "seems designed to be of a humorous cast." The editor has been reading Dryden—"While Cymon was endeavoring to be wise."

A western paper announces the marriage of Miss Polly Schrecongost.

On the 12th of next month, the King of England will be sixty-seven years old.

A New-York sexton offers his services to bury the dead, and publishes the certificates of nine clergymen as to his abilities!

There is now growing, in the garden of Capt. Hunt, in Massachusetts, a Dandelion from one root, containing 482 leaves and 147 stems—eight of which are three times larger than those of common growth. It occupies a circle of six feet in circumference.

Mad dogs have become so numerous at Havana, that the Police directed all dogs to be killed found going at large in the streets. Several persons had been bitten, and three had died of hydrophobia.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We sympathize with our late official friend at Sandusky City. His case is peculiarly hard. The remittance under date of the 20th ult. was received. Any further favors from him, whether franked or not, will always be welcome.

The enclosure from E. B. Jr. Newburyport, under date of 8th inst. is received, and the papers forwarded as directed.

B. Y. of Mendville, will find a letter to his address in the Post-Office.

Mr. E. H. Hart will act as Agent for the ARIEL at Fredericktown, Md.

WHY'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE.

p e Legato *cres* *f* *pp*

The news frae Moidart cam' yestreen, Wull sune gar mony far - lie, For ships o' war hae just come in, And landed Royal Char - lie: Come

thro' the heather, a - round him gather, Ye're a' the welcomer ear - ly; A - round him cling w' a' your kin, For wha'll be King but Charlie: Come

thro' the heather, around him gather, Come Ronald, come Donald, come a thigether, And crown your right-fu' lawfu' King, For - - - - wha'll be King but

Charlie.

The Hihland clans, wi' sword in hand,
Frae John a Groat's to Arlie,
Hae to a man resolved to stand,
Or fa' wi' Royal Charlie.
Come through the heather &c.

The Lowlands a', baith great an' sma',
Wi' mony a Lord and Laird, hae
Declared for Scotia's King and law
And spier ye wha but Charlie.
Come through the heather &c.

There's nae a lass in a' the land,
But vows baith late an' early,
To man she'll ne'er gie heart or hand
Wha wadna' fight for Charlie.
Come through the heather &c.

Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,
And be't complete and early,
His very name our heart's bluid warms
To arms for Royal Charlie.
Come through the heather &c.